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614 532 Just as there is no indication of clan totemism, there is none of individual or personal totemism either. The objects that they make do not represent animals; they are of simple workmanship, according to the purpose. In some quite rare cases the paintings of the walls are anthropomorphic; they seem, however, to have only a sportive character. /Page 478 is blank./

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Chapter IX

The Life of the Indian

1) Daily cycle.

• 512 The type and the standard of life of the Indian seem patterned. Even in distinct tribes we find the Indians doing the same things in the same way, and even with a very close timetable. It is indeed a very methodical life, not, however, monotonous. On the contrary, quite varied, in a perfect nature in which daily rest, work, meals, baths, physical exercises succeed one another.

[592] "The Tukano lives in the maloca, which serves him as bedroom, kitchen, dining room in the morning and in the afternoon. The maloca is, in succession, laboratory for the domestic chores, meeting place at times of rain, and ballroom during the great feasts. It is the place where the Tukano lives, dies, and is buried. For the Tukano the maloca is the world" (Report by the First Superior of the Salesian Missions of the Rio Negro, Mons. Lourenço Giordano -- Boletim Salesiano -- Feb. 1918, p. 31).

The ordinary family life can be summarized in this way: the Indian sleeps little, eats much, talks a great deal, works when it is necessary.

From three o'clock in the morning, the maloca still closed, one hears inside quite an animated conversation, noisy and frequent laughs. [462] And many times the noise of the graters at work: [252] it is the women who are preparing the mandioca for the beijú. Before five o'clock, with rain or without it, always dark in those [515] latitudes, the women leave through the back door, individually

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512 [515] [854] [192] or in small groups of two or three, ordinarily a child riding on her hip and with a vessel on her head, in the direction of the river. Or, more precisely, that point of the river called Pextá, landing place, with suitably prepared access, where the canoes are tied. There they take their quick morning bath, Wa-wa'kãse, of immersion, rubbing the hand quickly over the body, face, and hair. The same is done by the smaller children who accompany them; and they take the opportunity, moreover, to bathe the suckling infants, whom they have left on the bank. Afterwards they fill [312] the vessels with water and, putting them on their heads, go up with the water to the maloca. Then they prepare the morning meal.

[521] [515] /480/ The men and the boys continue to lie down for an hour more or less, conversing from hammock to hammock and, still before six o'clock, go for their bath. Then the mats that closed the two doors of the maloca are lifted.

[192] [264] The pots of Byá-tõ̃ (it is the quinhapira or sauce of fish broth with pepper) or of Yumũ-ku (mingau) of tapioca, and the baskets in the shape of sieves, heaped high with Ahũ-a (beijú), are put on small mats on the floor. -- "Baãra a'tyá," come to eat, is the invitation by the woman. Those of the male sex place themselves in a circle, squatting, and, starting with the chief, eat heartily, amidst conversation and noisy laughter.

The rule of civility is to serve oneself slowly and to eat without voracity. This, besides, is greatly in agreement with the whole attitude of the Indian, normally calm and serene. The women are in charge of the serving, bringing whatever there is, as it becomes necessary. There are no eating implements: one breaks off a piece of beijú with the hand, dips it in the quinhapira, and carries it to the mouth. The mingau is drunk (1)

[192] 1. To drink is the expression that they use, although this is not very appropriate, because it is more or less thick. -- "Yumũ-ku sĩrỹáti? Did you drink mingau?"

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• 512 with the beijú or in small cuias, like a spoon. At the end, the
*[192] woman presents a large cuia with Ñõxká (manicuera /drink made
[264] out of manioc juice/) or the Po'ká peosé (the chibé /manioc flour and water/ of generalized use on the Amazon). Like our coffee, they thus ordinarily end their meals with the indispensable chibé, of which as much as is wanted is taken, the cuia then being passed to the neighbor on the right. Finally the women and children simultaneously take their food.

The noisy exodus for work starts: it might perhaps be seven or eight o'clock. The men and women leave in groups. The former for the forest, for hunting, to procure textile fibers, wood for building, or to search for fruits, or for the river, with the proper equipment for fishing or in order to prepare the traps.

*[192] The women with the older daughters and the children (small
[241] ones) go to the clearing, taking the Pi'í (aturá), hanging from the forehead on the back, in order to carry mandioca and firewood. In order to reach the field they almost always have to take the canoe, and for this reason they leave with oars of different sizes, some quite small for the children. Some old or sick person (many times nobody) will stay as guard of the deserted and silent maloca.

[462] The work will last until after eleven o'clock. Around one
[854] o'clock the maloca starts to become animated again. The women arrive with their aturás filled with mandioca and, on top, bundles of firewood; the smaller children on their hips or held in front of the chest, and others holding on to their skirt. They are perspiring, with the face flushed, if they did not /481/ touch it with carajurú /carajura/, as a precaution, in order not to suffer so much from the heat of the sun. Little by little the men also begin to arrive with the results of their labor: fruits, fish, game, or fibers and timber.

Another bath will come, with its freshness, to renew their well-being. The woman will grill the fish or the game, will prepare fresh, tasty beijú, the quinhapira, the mingau, some insect,
*[192] and the chibé. Soon will come the "Baãra a'tyá" and the afternoon meal.

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secondary zone produces supplemental crops only. Gourd provides household dishes, while tobacco, *mihí*, and coca are for ceremonial purposes.

The plaza consists of two clear spaces, a front plaza that is at the entrance to the house, and a rear plaza that is an extension of the kitchen area. The front plaza is a ceremonial site. It serves for the staging of dance formations and is a gathering place of the men.

Ideally, a front plaza is large, clear, and clean. Its appearance speaks for the quality of the house, for its prosperity, for its high morale, and for the excellence of its headman. It is the headman who will insist that the plaza be kept clean. Women are not barred from the front plaza, but it is definitely a male zone with sacred connotations. The medicine man does his curing on the front plaza. By contrast, the rear plaza is a female zone and is secular. It is often littered with the debris of past meals and abandoned and broken household utensils, shards, and frayed basketry. The women assemble here for their own gossip. During important ceremonies, when the sexual demarcation is accentuated for ritual purposes, it is the rear plaza where women guests are received. The rear plaza is demarcated even when the house is still a mere skeleton under construction. A visitor then may have no obvious clue as to which is front and which is back. If he should make an approach by way of the rear plaza he will not be received until he realizes his error and comes around to the front. In just such a situation I have seen the occupants of a house ignore a guest who made this *gaffe*. When he did recover and came around to the front he was received with as much formality at the bare frame of the house as he would have after it had been fully completed.

Finally, the river. The river is sacred to the sib, and is in that sense a male zone. Men fish in the river and hunt along its shores. They hide the sacred ancestral trumpets along the shore and bathe to the music of the trumpets before dawn to receive strength from the ancestors. Ordinary connubial coitus takes place well before dawn at the river's edge, where chances for conception are considered to be better. Again, to call the river a male zone is not to say that it is restricted against women. Women have access to the river for bathing and for washing. But it is not their domain.

During the early part of the day, from just after sunrise until the high heat of the early afternoon, a community gives the appearance of being altogether deserted, or, if the men are not hunting or fishing that day, it appears to be an all-male community. The men are then

chicken feed. The *Bahúána*, cited by Koch-Grünberg as maize growers, had no tradition of having cultivated anything but bitter manioc as their principal crop.

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512 in or around the maloca, loafing, jesting, or in jovial groups working at small manufactures such as basketry. It is the wives and their daughters who are dispersed, each in her separate garden, and who then return in the heat of the day, tired and subdued, to a house that is gay with the laughter and chatter of the men.

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[361] In the recent past, no more than a generation or two ago, the inner zone of the community was separated, indeed virtually isolated, from the manioc gardens by a ten-foot-deep defensive moat set with sharpened stakes. Tree trunks crossed its steep walls to serve as narrow foot walks for the sure-footed women. At night, or in anticipation of an enemy, the footbridges were withdrawn. The house and the plaza then were an inner citadel. The moat protected against surprise attack. When enemies were sighted or their presence announced by the angry growling of the dogs they were met as far from the residence as possible, and the moat served as a defensive line to cover retreat. The strategy then was to lure the attackers to fall into the moat while the defenders slipped across their secretly placed bridges. If the people felt themselves to be overwhelmed they scattered to safety through the dense forest, abandoning house and possessions. (Houses still have an escape port at a side wall facing the forest.) But if they were confident they left the women and children behind in the house with a small guard. I had the privilege of this guard duty on one occasion. I was instructed to cover the escape of the women and children if need be. Fortunately, there was no need.

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504 The canoe landing is little more than a level stretch of beach where a canoe can be pulled up out of the water. It is also the site for bathing, for drawing water, for washing manioc roots. It is a port. One rarely comes upon a community by land. Visitors pause at the landing to wash, adjust their apparel, and freshen up face and body paint before beginning the climb up the path leading to the plaza. Like the plaza, the orderliness of the canoe landing denotes the state of morale of a community. Some householders have carved steps into the clay bank, lined them with split logs, and provided a rail. Guests are never received at the landing. Courtesy requires that guests be allowed the privacy of arrival, and the hosts discreetly retire to the plaza to await them. There are ceremonies in which the arrival of spirit beings is an important feature. On such occasions the men who are to enact these beings use the canoe landing for donning masks and for other preparations. On these occasions, too, the canoe landing is a sanctuary from which all unauthorized persons discreetly retire.

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833 Before dawn the canoe landing is the favored place for marital

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coitus. First building a small fire, the couple bathes; they have coitus and bathe again. The ancestral spirits add power to the water, that promotes pregnancy. Because of its connubial use the canoe landing is thus a sanctuary of another kind, at night restricted to those who are going to use it for the proper purpose. When the last married couple has left, the young men take over. They bathe off the canoe landing, sounding the ancestral trumpets that have been hidden somewhere along the river bank. Regular bathing with the horns gives strength and sexual potency.

People arise for the day's activities sometime before dawn. Thereafter, the canoe landing is the scene of secular activity, women and girls drawing water, men readying their canoes for fishing, and the young play pack frolicking. In the high heat of the day the women return from their manioc gardens to bathe and refresh themselves. In effect, there is a secular and a sacred period in canoe landing activities. The secular part of the day is from dawn to a tropical four o'clock in the afternoon, when the first guests may be expected to arrive if there is a drinking party or a ceremony. The sacred part is from after four o'clock until dawn. Even on ordinary days, activities slacken at the river by late afternoon. On ceremonial days the distinction of a sacred and a secular period holds strongly.

BOUNDARIES

The clearing delimits the effective area of habitation, but not the full area of a community. This territory runs along a stretch of river and is usually demarcated by a *caño* or creek. On the Cuduiarí these small tributaries run into the main stream at almost regular intervals. A principal habitation is ordinarily along the main stream, which is the preferred site. However, the requirements of slash-burn horticulture necessitate a periodic circulation allowing for three to five years at each site. Depending upon the particular conformation of the land with respect to the danger of flooding, a community may be able to move along the banks of the main stream, preparing its new clearing adjacent to the old. It may, on the other hand, be forced to move up a *caño*, with its connotation of lower status. If it is required to spend a period in a *caño*, it has a cyclical existence, of being in a relatively poor state when it is off the main stream and returning to an epigone when it re-establishes itself on the main stream. When I came to live among the *Bahúkiwa* they had just come from a *caño* phase and were in an expansive mood at having moved onto the Cuduiarí proper again. *Caño* dwellers are self-conscious; they enter-

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342 cloth baskets, and calabash bowls in which the people keep their small
353 possessions. Most houses have a flooring above the main supporting beams to provide storage space for farinha.

342 Malocas are commonly decorated. The front walls at the narrow
353 end are painted with representations of bark-cloth masks that are
531 used in funeral ceremonies, while the interior posts flanking the
532 dance floor receive geometric designs. The *Bahúkiwa*, whose ancestry
[64] may have been that of the more primitive Macú, do not decorate
[18] their houses. The bark-cloth mask designs depict spirit beings, and while their representations on house walls have no specific magical function they do convey to householders the atmosphere of contact with friendly beings. Similar representations are common as petroglyphs. The geometric designs on the house posts are similar to those on dancing tubes, and portray simply an atmosphere of ceremonial gaiety.

342 Ordinary cooking is done over the household hearth, and simple
252 meals are eaten around it. Manioc is prepared at the rear end of the central corridor, where the women wait their turn to share the large communal manioc oven, a circular ceramic plate on pottery supports,
[24] that has been provided by the headman's wife. Most evening meals are eaten communally in the central corridor.

342 Allocation of space in the maloca follows no precise order of
554 status, but as a rule older and socially less active households occupy the rear compartments near the kitchen area, while a headman prefers a central location on either side.

342 At night a fire is kept going at the center of each compartment, and
354 on chilly nights the occupants vie for the comfort of the space just
[51] above the fire. The people sleep fitfully. Someone is always up to tend
[51] the fire and to crouch over it for extra warmth. The day begins several hours before dawn and ends several hours after nightfall.

THE FACTOR OF CORESIDENCE

621 While community and sib are normally coextensive insofar as their
614 male occupants are concerned, there are, nevertheless, permanent
591 male residents of alien sibs in many communities. Widows, for example, return to the parental community with their children. There
[768] are some cases of matrilocal residence as well. These exceptional but not rare cases provide information on the role of coresidence in regulating social behavior. The question of coresidence is of special interest in the Northwest Amazon region because among tribes that do not have sibs but are organized on the basis of patrilocal families it is

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every turn and landmark of the waterways, their utilization of forest products is also extensive. From the forest they derive mainly raw materials for construction: woods, fibers, and leaves for roof thatching; and some food produce: wild fruits and berries, ants and grubs. Forest foods are supplementary and minor contributions to the diet. In a sense, game are riverine too because they are hunted along water courses. Only occasionally do hunters enter the forests on foot. They prefer to go by canoe, entering the smaller *caños* to catch animals as they come to drink. Hunting is important; the flesh of game animals — the tapir in particular — is highly appreciated and never fails to add a festive note to a meal. On balance, however, it is fish and other water creatures that furnish the main source of animal protein to the diet.

Fishing is the daily masculine routine; hunting is spasmodic, undertaken according to circumstance, as when someone has observed a herd of wild peccary or fresh tapir dung. As a break in the monotony of everyday work, and when the appetite has become jaded with fish, a hunting party is an enlivening experience.

The Indians do not complain about the corner of nature they occupy. They recognize and accept periodicity, times of glut and times of scarcity. Abundance is pleasing to them and scarcity does not alarm them. They expect it to pass. The Indians believe that they are living now in a "golden age." In the past, before they had learned farming and all the techniques of hunting and fishing, they were always on the verge of starvation and lived on tree saps and bark, their traditions say.

Once, while gathering roots, according to one tradition, they came upon the *aũnhokũ* (manioc) tree, a tree that had leaves of the manioc plant. Manioc tubers fell from it. They had never encountered such a tree and did not know what to do with it. Agouti (*Bwũ*) came along eating. An old man asked him what he was eating and Agouti replied he was eating manioc. The manioc at that time had no skin. The tree grew in a clearing with no growth around it. It was guarded by many animals. The old man thought, "What are we going to do?" Then along came *Húbũkokũ* (a rodent), and he told the people to clear a *chagra* and to plant. "Now, let us cut down the tree," he told them. The old man made a *chagra* and the people cut down the tree with stone axes and puño teeth. When the tree had fallen, all the animals came to eat. The old man then saw that one branch held plantains, another sugar cane, another *turũ* (poison), another *pudjũ* (a potato-like tuber), and another *yapíka* (sweet potato). They then cut off each limb and planted it.

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He brings home the hide for a trophy, for which there is no further use, but the teeth form a girdle that is a mark of high status. Jaguar hunting is strictly voluntary and is not a formal test of manhood. During my stay among the *Bahükiwa* the headman's son – an aspirant for the position – killed a jaguar with a steel-tipped lance and accepted modestly the moderate acclaim of the community. His explanation was that he wanted to experience what it was like to kill a jaguar.

GARDENING

I have no statistical means for comparing the relative contributions of men and women to the food supply. The general rule is that men provide the bulk of the protein, women the bulk of the carbohydrates.

The Cubeo unhesitatingly regard the man as economically most important. This is surprising, since manioc in its multiple uses as food, chicha, and trade goods is not only the staff of life but the source of intrasib activity, status, and general well-being. My informants pointed out, however, that it is fish which is the important food, and besides, they added, it is the men who make the manioc clearing. Nutritionally they are right. Bitter manioc is a poor food, rich in starch and deficient in protein.

An important distinction between the labor of men and women is in the nature of their economic effort. That of the woman borders on drudgery. Hers is the steady routine of planting, harvesting, washing, scraping, grinding, operating the tipiti press, and, finally, forming the manioc cake and baking it.

On days when only subsistence manioc – that is, the manioc cake – is to be baked, a woman devotes half of all the daylight hours to its preparation, including time in the garden. Her preferred routine is to spend six hours on alternate days in gardening. On the day she gardens, she also spends two or more additional hours in processing the roots. On the second day, however, she works only four hours on manioc. She spends, on the average, 12 hours on manioc over a two-day period. If to this is added hours spent in preparing chicha and farinha, the annual average comes close to nine hours a day. By contrast, men's labor is more flexible in its demand upon time and the quality of effort. However, it would be erroneous to overstress the distinction. There is, after all, variety in the manioc cycle as well.

Women customarily go to their manioc gardens at the same time, leaving the maloca an hour or so after daybreak and after breakfast. Each smears her face with red pigment both as ointment against sunburn and as preventive magic against the jaguar. A woman is

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place the blame upon the material conditions. The woman, then, is more than a mere toiler in the garden. She qualifies as agronomist as well.

Women return from their gardens in the very early afternoon. They pause at the rear door of the house only long enough to drop the machete, and without putting down their burdens of manioc and infant, go directly to the river to bathe themselves and to wash the tubers. This is a pleasurable hour. Refreshed from the heat of the morning, the women play with their infants and jest with one another. Washing the tubers is a simple task of dipping the entire basket into the water. A light midday meal follows the washing, and the routine of processing the tubers begins. The woman may start with fresh roots, but for a more tender manioc cake she will allow the roots to soften for several days either in the house or in the river.

The first step is peeling. The woman seats herself at her own household compartment, her back braced against a post, her legs stretched out stiff and straight before her into the dance corridor – the public alley of the house. The manioc basket is at one side and a tray at the other. She bites the butt end of the tuber to break the skin, and using teeth and fingers pulls off the readily peelable skin. This phase of the work is leisurely. Women who are not at the moment occupied come by to chat and help casually in the peeling. A woman's daughters sit with her and help. Enough is peeled for one manioc cake – that is, one half of a basket.

The next step is the most arduous and least liked – grating the peeled tubers on a wooden board (*pediba*) that has been set with abrasive stones. A woman can usually shift this work on to her daughter or her daughter-in-law.

The scraping process is as follows. The woman sits with her feet stretched out straight before her and slightly spread. She sets the grate on her legs with its far end braced against a house post, the forward end pressed against her abdomen. She takes up two large manioc tubers from a tray, one in each hand, and scrapes vigorously with alternate arm movements with the hardest pressure on the forward stroke. The action is vigorous, involving not only full arm movements but the bending of the back from the hips. Young women of marriageable age work rapidly and continuously until bathed in sweat. When worn down to a size where it cannot be conveniently scraped any more, the tuber is thrown aside and two others taken up. Finally, a collection of scraps is assembled into a single bunch clutched in both hands and scraped down virtually to the very bottom. This is a break in the work rhythm since both hands are used together and the move-

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462 ment is slower and altogether less vigorous. Usually, except when she
461 is very strong and young, the woman interrupts her scraping for a
252 rest or change of occupation. For example, the work may be staggered. If the mother begins the scraping and the daughter continues with the peeling, the daughter, when she has finished peeling, will take over the scraping, while the mother prepares to begin the next process. The manioc mash that has accumulated at the far end of the board is removed by hand and thrown into a basket tray, and the liquid drained off into a pot to be poured out.

[415] A substantial part of the poisonous liquid of the manioc has been removed in the scraping on the grater; the mash is further dried by pounding it through a tightly woven basket sieve. A tripodal frame is set up and the sieve set on it at a woman's waist level. The pounding, also strenuous work, requires vigorous motion of the arms, back, and shoulders. With both fists clenched the woman attacks the mash,
[516] using her arms as pistons in a crisscross motion. The mash is frequently turned. As this work is done standing up, the woman has a chance to limber her legs. Because of the height at which the sieve is set little girls are not very efficient at the pounding, and only help out for a little while. When the mash is relatively dry after a thorough pounding it is put into a long tubular squeezer (the tipiti). The woman grips the lower end of the flexible tube between her knees, and bending the top toward her, fills it with the mash from the sieve. When full, the squeezer is hung from a projecting beam at one of the house posts. Through a loop at the lower end of the squeezer a long pole of heavy wood is inserted, the fulcrum end going through a few twists of heavy rope around the post. This phase of the work affords the woman a rest from the strenuous labor of scraping and pounding. She may sit on the pole, adjusting the pressure by the distance from the fulcrum. A woman is sometimes joined by another, who helps her sit on the pole. The liquid starch that runs down the sides of the squeezer is collected in a pot set for it. The pot is covered with a layer of ash that absorbs the volatile prussic acid, and the clear starch is used as the base for a porridge.

The mash, free of much of its prussic acid content, is finally formed into a cake upon the flat circular oven at the rear of the house. The baking is leisurely and as women wait their turn at the communal oven they enjoy some sociable moments.

462 A good housewife prepares a fresh manioc cake daily since the
253 cake tastes best when fresh, moist, and warm. On the second day a cake is dry and considerably less palatable. Thus, under ordinary con-
● [512] ditions, the round of manioc preparation is daily. However, a wom-

6: Moser and Tayler E,N-5 (1960-1961) 1967 SQ19 Tucano SQ19

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A Death

114 Matias arrived at the *maloca* the following day with the rest of the equipment we had left behind at the portage. Without his help we would have had to abandon it. That same night he started back on the return journey with his brother Bernavez, back to their *maloca* on the Río Ti. With them seemed to go our last contact with the outside world. Now was the time to collect our thoughts, to reorganize the equipment and to decide how we were going to carry out our work. The surroundings, the atmosphere, the Indians, everything was new. Each day, when evening arrived and we had eaten, we would sit across our hammocks and read by the light of a candle, or write up the day's events in our diaries. On Friday 6 January Brian wrote:

123 276 'Did not sleep very well last night, probably because I had taken a large mouthful of coca just before getting into my hammock. Nearly choked, the fine green powder making it virtually impossible to breathe; so had to run down to the river and wash my mouth free. The Tukano must have a special method for swallowing it.

• 512 The women got up very early, long before dawn, but I couldn't tell the time because my watch was lost on the way over the portage – too bad. They rubbed down manioc and the continuous noise made all further sleep 126 impossible. Horacio left for the river before first light to develop a film he had taken with his old Rollei, also one of mine to see whether I'm giving the correct exposure in these dark conditions. He prepared the hypo last night and has to develop before the water temperature rises.

114 At dawn Kuarumey opened the door and the cold air rushed into the *maloca*. I went out to the jungle to relieve myself, armed as usual with a bottle to collect a humus sample. We do this nearly every morning – all these tiny bottles. I wonder whether the American drug company will ever discover a new Amazonian anti-biotic? Lovely pale pinks and delicate blues, the mist rising in great banks off the forest, and dew dripping from the trees. It was so peaceful and cool.

We joined Horacio for a late breakfast; all of us rather at sixes and sevens with each other as to what to do. The last days have taken a lot out of us and

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000 *Our train of canoes on the Piraparand – José in front.*

 [see p. 46-A]

721 many more people lived there. We are told by Robuchon that sixty years ago the Indians of north-west Amazonia, round the Caquetá and to the north, were extremely warlike. Tribal warfare was rife and no one trusted his
727 neighbour. *Malocas* were attacked and burnt down and prisoners taken; of these only young children were allowed to survive as slaves. The remainder were knocked to the ground with wooden clubs which the Indians still have today, their bodies hacked to pieces, their forearms used to stir the *chicha* and the armbones later made into flutes. Hands and feet were a delicacy and the sexual organs were eaten by the headman's wife to ensure brave offspring. even the bones were boiled into broth and the orgy continued until the cannibals had completed their spoil and the *chicha* had run dry.

Such a description of warfare and cannibalism would not fit the Indian who lives in the Piraparaná today, and certainly bears no resemblance to the
[178] daily life we saw in their *malocas*. We found the Indian's day measured by a peaceful regularity.

• 512 Slowly the great house comes to life. Smouldering fires are stirred into a blaze, for the hour before sunrise – even inside the *maloca* – is always the coldest. A baby cries, a young Indian moves from his hammock to the palm-screen door and eases it up to its hook like a portcullis, then saunters leisurely out into the dawn. Others follow. The women move at the far end of the *maloca*, still only vague shapes in the gathering light as they prepare cassava, pick up the water pots and go down to the river to bathe.

[264] The men returning from the river squat on their haunches on the low
[262] stools in the centre of the *maloca*, and without any ceremony consume their breakfast of cassava bread, manioc juice and probably some leftovers from the previous night – boiled fish or a piece of bush pig. The women, who have eaten separately with the children, collect their large manioc baskets and leave
[482] for the *chagra*, the forest clearing where they grow their crops. The baskets are slung from a strip of sapling bark across the forehead; they hold their babies on their hips, walking rapidly, almost awkwardly – the Indian
[855] woman's gait is not a graceful one. Children run along beside them, some
[857] affectionately holding the hands of their mothers, others playing. A few of the elder children return to the river to fish, and some of the men go off in
[226] pairs to hunt and fish, while others move off to collect coca leaves from their *chagras*.

249 The Piraparaná has always been an area of coca cultivation and today the river and its tributaries are one of the few remaining strongholds of the drug in north-west Amazonia. Carrying no more than their small coca pouches and the basket for the leaves, five or six men, led by the headman, go down to the stream, perhaps taking a drink and washing themselves before they climb up the far bank. They move along a path through the thick vegetation of an old *chagra* fallen into disuse. Although an occasional banana or *pupuña* palm

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249 462 spend the greater part of the morning collecting the leaves which they prepare during the afternoon and evening. It is a serious task and one which each man undertakes with a strange air of concentration. Each coca plant is selectively stripped leaf by leaf before the next one is tackled. The headman carries the basket with him and gradually it fills with handfuls of pale sage-green leaves. The younger men collect the leaves almost reverently in their right hands before emptying them into the basket, their faces serious, their crouched bodies shining in the strong morning sun, their short, clipped speech broken occasionally by a high-pitched laugh.

512 244 462 85 In the distance small ribbons of smoke rise in a misty cloud. The women are just visible, their squat figures crouching among the manioc plants. They can be heard laughing; occasionally a baby cries and the children romp and play among the bright-green manioc plants whose tall spindly branches stretch skywards some six feet, terminating in clusters of long, thin, starlike leaves. With their babies straddled across their backs the women spend the morning cutting out the long potato-like roots from the sandy soil and putting the waste foliage into piles to be burnt. It is hot with the sun streaming down, the fires crackling and the smoke enshrouding the working bodies. There is little time for rest, though a woman will stop to swing her child around and let it suckle her breast; a mother may give a fat yellow beetle grub to her child to eat, having detached the head – a great delicacy, tasting like butter. Soon large baskets are filled with roughly peeled and half-cleaned roots.

512 [482] The sun is high overhead and the men leave for the *maloca* with their basket full of coca leaves; on top they place large dried leaves from the *yarumo* (Cecropia) trees which grow like weeds in the *chagra*. The women too load their heavy baskets on to their backs, the headbands taking the greater part [222] of the fifty-pound weight. The whole group hurries through the forest in silence, passing the old *chagra* where the headman's wife leaves the other women to collect pineapples, then down to the stream beneath the *maloca*. At this point comes one of the noisiest and most amusing incidents in their [515] daily life. Not only the manioc roots are washed in the water but the babies too; the mothers vigorously shake their large baskets of roots, then stop [85] to splash water over the backs of the children. For a short time there is cacophony, with screaming babies, splashing water, continuous chatter and laughter, and even barking dogs. But soon the stream is left to myriads of white and brimstone-yellow butterflies which circle everlastingly over the sandbanks, and the women, refreshed, their long black hair glistening in the sun, return up the path to the *maloca*.

Tobacco plants are nearly always grown in a little patch directly in front

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A graceful Tukano canoe.

[Cave p.66-A]

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of the men's entrance. Boys carefully pick the tobacco leaves one by one and lay them out on cane matting to dry. An Indian sits in the shade of the *maloca's* overhanging eaves and starts to make string from strands of tough *cumare*. His graceful movements as he rolls the fibre with the palm of the hand on his shining thigh, the string looped around his right big toe, are like those used in the making of Venetian glass. An older man sits near by, deeply engrossed in the construction of a large, shallow cassava basket, a maze of cane strips almost hiding his wizened face.

The women file through their entrance, their great loads of manioc white and clean after their river washing. They pause for a moment or two and eat some cassava or the pineapples and wild fruit which they have just brought back, but soon they are working again, pulverizing the manioc on the shield-shaped wooden grating boards which have minute flints or tough palm spines set into their baked-clay surface. They work as a team, some grating, others washing the manioc in vast basket-sieves slung between wooden tripods, while yet others extract the poisonous prussic acid by placing the grated manioc flour in a snake-like *matapí*, a long squeezer of plaited cane. With the upper end looped over a pole, a woman stretches its mesh by sitting on a second pole placed in the lower loop. The *matapí* contracts and the poisonous juice runs out.

When the flour from the *matapí* is ready it is placed on the large flat ovens to make rough cassava pancakes, the Amazonian daily bread, which they eat at every meal together with fish and meat brought back from the forest. The starch from the washed manioc is also baked to make wafer-thin toasted biscuits to add to the *chicha*. Some of the flour is spread thinly on another oven to make the nutty grounds of *farinha*, and the liquid from the washing and squeezing is boiled to neutralize the poison, then poured into the long canoe-trough to make *chicha*.

The noise of grating and the creaking of the tripods lasts all afternoon. A girl feeds her pet parrot some insects, then, taking a strand of *cumare* and winding it around her toe, she starts plaiting string for a hammock to replace her old one. Squatting on the ground, an old woman kneads clay and wood ash. She rolls the clay mixture into coils on a flat board and between the palms of her hands. Then she places them coil upon coil about a clay base, smooths the clay with a pebble and leaves the completed pot in the shade of the *maloca*. Later it will be put on a fire and surrounded with wood bark and ash to bake. Occasionally we saw an iron pot, which at some time in the past must have been traded up the rivers from the Caquetá or the Vaupés. These were sufficiently few to be highly treasured and hadn't affected their own

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ABOVE: *The shaped but unfinished canoe is dragged down to the river.* BELOW: *Then it is warped open over a fire.*

415 pottery making, a craft which has been all but forgotten among many of the Indians of Colombia.

512 Throughout the afternoon the women continue with their tasks while the men prepare their tobacco and smoke it wrapped in long cylinders of 276 banana leaf, or take snuff, lying in their hammocks or crouching on small wooden stools. The snuff, kept in gourds or large snail shells, is made in most cases from ground tobacco; it is first placed in the palm of the hand, then a small quantity is poured into a hollow V-shaped deer bone, and is injected into the nostrils by inserting one end of the V in the nose and the other in the mouth and blowing.

During the afternoon an Indian burns the *yarumo* leaves from the coca basket in the centre of the *maloca*, the ash being carefully raked into a neat 276 pile on the earthen floor. Earlier the coca leaves from the basket had been baked in a large earthenware pot over a hot fire, all the while being stirred with a hooped stick. The toasted leaves were then powdered inside a short wooden cylinder. They are further refined by being put into a barkcloth bag wrapped round a heavy stick, and beaten inside a large cylinder. The *yarumo* ash is added to the finely ground powder – this ash takes away the bitterness, and perhaps also the worst effects of the drug – and once again the mixed coca and ash is beaten in the long cylinder to the consistency of dust. Often this involved procedure goes on far into the night, and we became quite accustomed to go to sleep with the monotonous thudding noise still reverberating around the *maloca*. With the final process completed the powder is emptied into a half-gourd or into small barkcloth pouches, ready for the next journey or hunting trip, during which an Indian may live solely on the drug, going without sleep, food and drink for days.

The inscrutable nature of the Tukano may in part be due to his addiction to cocaine which deadens his senses and affects the eyes so that the pupils often appear dilated. This may also account for a lack of individuality among many of the men who often appear listless and resigned.

354 At dusk the hunters return and sometimes a monkey or a wild turkey helps out with the evening meal of cassava. The only light in the *maloca* after dark comes from the fires, but on special occasions, such as a festival, the head of the house places a chunk of beeswax taken from a wild bees' nest in the forest on a large post in the centre of the *maloca*, lighting it with a firebrand. But the flickering light barely penetrates the gloom. At other times a strip of slow-burning resinous wood is put in a fork of the same post. It is this wood – a type of cedar – which the Indians use to travel with at night, allowing it to 512 smoulder and blowing it into flame when needed. As night comes the doors are secured and, except for the sporadic mumblings of a few old Indians squatting around the fires, all is silent.

224 The Tukano is a hunter. From his early childhood he develops the ability